Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/4396745.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Fire Emblem: Kakusei | Fire Emblem: Awakening, Fire Emblem Series
Relationship:	Chrom/Male My Unit | Male Avatar/Chrom, Chrom/Frederick, Frederick/Male My Unit | Male Avatar/Frederick, the ot3.
Character:	Frederick (Fire Emblem), Chrom (Fire Emblem), Male My Unit | Avatar, Male My Unit | Avatar (Fire Emblem: Awakening), there are others but these guys are the most important
Additional Tags:	they get trapped in a closet, it's where they live now., twins au, f!robin is called roh based on a thing with my friend, short for the german word for robin, annyway i am ramble, Alternate Universe - High School, its a magic high school too
Stats:	Published: 2015-07-22 Words: 2100

the worst game of hide and seek ever played

by sludgeraptor

Summary

¨Maybe we'll die in here.¨
¨Shut up, Robin.¨

Notes

this is kinda ooc but who cares. really who cares. not me. i just llove being gay and having a good time.

¨How did you piss off Panne so bad?¨

Chrom shifts uncomfortably, hyper-aware of how close him and Robin are. Sure, Robin was shorter than he was, and smaller in general, but Chrom took up a lot of room, especially in a cramped janitorial closet. He chuckles nervously, glad he's unable to see Robin's face very well.

(Honestly, he's pretending it's a hot girl in there with him right now.)

¨Well,¨ Chrom begins, shifting some more, cringing when his legs brush up against Robin's, ¨I didn't know that she, uh, was so protective of Olivia. So when I accidentally knocked Olivia down...¨

¨Oh my God. Now Roh's gonna be on your ass too.¨ Chrom cringes again as Robin giggles. ¨Man, you screwed up. You're lucky you got us in here before Panne could find and slash or kill you.¨

¨Yeah, thanks.¨ Chrom mutters. He adjusts himself yet again, trying not to notice the proximity of the two of them.

An uncomfortable silence settles between them.

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¨Do you think Panne will kill me?¨

¨Is the Earth round?¨

Chrom sighs. ¨If we leave now, I bet we can get away.¨

¨We? You're the one in trouble, mister.¨ Chrom can sense Robin's grinning even in the darkness. (Usually, closets have lights, but Chrom guesses that Ylisse High is so cheap that they don't care about that in the least.)

¨Mister?¨ Chrom shakes his head. ¨Whatever. I'm getting out of here.¨ He goes to open the door, and…

¨Er...Robin?¨

¨Yes?¨

¨Do you think Roh worked out we were in here?¨

¨Well, we do have our twin magic, and you *were* talking pretty loudly earlier.¨ Robin pauses. ¨Why do you ask?¨

¨Oh, Gods.¨ Chrom bangs his head against the door. ¨We're locked in here.¨

Robin makes a noise somewhere between laughing and crying.

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¨Seventy eight bottles of beer on the wall, seventy eight bottles of beeeeer -¨

¨Robin,¨ Chrom interrupts, covering his eyes with his hands.

¨What?¨

¨Please stop.¨

¨I'm *bored*, Chrom. You'd think hours spent missing school with your best friend trapped in a closet would at least be *amusing*. Are you embarrassed to be this close or something?¨

¨I - well, I -¨

¨Nevermind. Don't answer that. We don't need this being any more awkward than it already is.

Seventy seven bottles of beer on the wall -¨

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¨You know,¨ Chrom says, ¨we could probably just call a friend.¨

¨You have your phone with you? ‘Cos I think Roh stole mine in Physics. She always does.¨

¨Uhm,¨ Chrom fishes around his pockets, searching for his phone. ¨Er...¨

¨Lissa?¨

¨Lissa.¨ Chrom sighs. ¨I’m going to strangle her as soon as we get out of here.¨

¨Maybe we’ll die in here.¨

¨Shut up, Robin.¨

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¨Hey, do you think we’re missing lunch?¨

¨Yes. And it’s pizza day, too.¨

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¨Truth or dare.¨

¨No.¨

¨C’mon, Chrom. Truth or dare.¨

¨...Truth.¨

¨How do you feel about Roh?"

Chrom is surprised by how serious Robin sounds.

"She's a good friend, just like you. Why?"

There's a pause as Robin seems to consider his options. "Well, you just seem kind of nervous around her. That's all."

Chrom can’t help but notice the twinge of something that almost sounds like jealousy in Robin’s voice.

¨I guess so. She’s kind of intimidating.¨

¨And I’m not? We’re kind of pretty much the same.¨

¨Well, I just know you better. I don’t know why we hit it off more, but...¨

Robin says nothing. Chrom wishes he could see Robin’s face.

¨It’s your turn.¨ Robin informs him after a while.

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¨Gods, I'm tired.¨ Robin yawns, and Chrom tenses up when the shorter boy leans against him for support.

¨H-hey - what are you -¨

¨You expect me to sleep standing up? C'mon, Chrom -¨ he pauses to yawn - ¨- be a team player.¨

¨I am a team player, but I didn't realise that meant letting you nap on me!¨

¨G'night, Chrom.¨

¨Are you even listening to me?¨ Chrom grumbles. He feels Robin shake his head a 'no' - well, that or he's burying his face into Chrom's chest. Chrom just sighs.

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¨You know, you're kind of cute when you're sleeping.¨ Chrom mumbles, tangling his fingers in Robin's hair.

¨I know.¨

¨Oh shit -¨

There's silence for a while after that.

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¨You locked them in a closet?!¨ Lissa cries, eyes wide. Roh smirks.

¨Yeah. That'll teach them.¨

¨I-I'm sure it was an accident...¨ Olivia says, shrinking. Roh shakes her head.

¨Those guys still need to learn a lesson. You can't just run around like a madman, pushing girls to and fro.¨ Roh huffs. ¨Plus, Panne is right. You might've seriously gotten hurt. And then what would we do? We'd be down our best cheerleader.¨

¨Our...best?¨ Olivia flushes, and Lissa shakes her head.

¨Yeah, Olivia is our best, but locking Robin in there too seems kind of harsh, doesn't it? He didn't even do anything.¨

¨That's because he ate my cookies yesterday. Even when they had my name on them.¨ Roh frowns. ¨Really, locking him in a closet - his home and native land - is the least I could do.¨

Lissa thinks about it before grinning. ¨Well, it is *kinda* hilarious.¨

¨Don't worry. I'll let them out once school ends.¨ Roh takes another bite of her pizza, grinning right back.

¨Man-spawn are truly devious.¨ Panne sighs.

Roh refrains from pointing out that Panne's plan was 'shoot first, take names later'. She's too proud of herself for keeping everything under control and getting revenge in one fell swoop.

She feels like a genius tactician, alright.

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¨Milord?¨

Chrom snaps awake, and Robin makes a little mumbly noise against Chrom's chest (he thinks he hears 'five more minutes, ma', though he might be mistaken). He cries out excitedly when he sees Frederick standing in the doorway, looking more than a little confused.

¨Frederick! How did you -¨

¨I heard Lissa and Roh talking about it. It took me a while to find the right closet.¨ Frederick sighs. ¨Come on, milord. You've missed far too many classes.¨

¨Hey, Frederick.¨ Robin murmurs, still half asleep. ¨Watch out.¨

¨Watch out?¨ Frederick frowns. ¨What am I watching out fo-¨

There's a loud crash as Roh kicks Frederick forward. Usually, someone of her small stature wouldn't be able to move Frederick an inch, but Frederick was already leaning forward, and Roh had been practicing her kicks with Panne. (The taguel had very strong legs, and getting a chance to look at them in closer proximity certainly wasn't why Roh had suggested the training.) Frederick falls harder than an avalanche, and Chrom screeches like a prepubescent boy as they smash into each other, Robin uncomfortably sandwiched between them. The door slams shut and Chrom cries out in anguish when he hears the lock click.

¨Wh-what the fuck -¨ Robin huffs, pulling himself up from between the two of them. ¨I-is this a nightmare?¨

The answer is immediate and full of conviction, spoken in unison by the two knights trapping Robin between them - ¨yes¨.

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Chrom is, to be frank, pretty upset with how today is going.

Robin is closer to him than ever, and now Frederick is pressing up against them both as well. Chrom's never thought about his sexuality too much, or at the very most he's ignored any wanton thoughts about men he might have had, but now he's seriously considering it.

Yeah, Chrom knows the clichés. This is definitely the opening to some sort of weird yaoi porn thing that Lissa would force him to watch 'ironically'. Or a bad fanfiction - again, which Lissa would make him read for her own sick amusement. He knows it wouldn't take much for him to initiate something - whether or not it would be reciprocated is another matter entirely - and surely not one he's truly considering, because really, Robin broke up with Sumia just last week, and sure, he'd been cagey about why, but anyone would be after a messy separation like that - and Frederick - well, Frederick had never really seemed interested in anyone when he wasn't doting on Chrom, and that was totally platonic, wasn't it? - oh Gods, he was actually considering the logistics of this weird, fucked up closet threesome - one that didn't even exist! He needed to get out of here. He was going stir crazy.

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It took a while for Robin to get used to being smooshed in between Frederick and Chrom. Frederick took up a lot of room, that was for sure, and Chrom was no longer being so open about napping on each other. (Which was pretty disappointing, really. Robin didn't get much sleep, and Chrom had actually been a very warm and comfortable pillow…)

Frederick, Robin could tell, made Chrom tense, at least in this situation. Not that Chrom hadn't been tense already. Robin was a master at analysing people, especially Chrom, and the second Chrom had grabbed him and dragged him into the closet, he'd known something had been up.

Though really, that was no surprise. Anyone would know something was wrong when they were dragged into a cupboard by their best friend. When Robin had asked him why he'd grabbed Robin on the way, Chrom had just shrugged sheepishly and shooshed the shorter boy.

Look at us now, Robin thinks, half amused, half tired, hungry, and all-around cranky. He shifts positions, causing both Frederick and Chrom to make little noises of objection. Robin sighs. The two are too in-sync, too finely tuned to each other. Though he guesses that must be how Frederick feels about Robin and Chrom.

¨Milord,¨ Robin mumbles mockingly, suddenly feeling sick and tired of being doubted. Why would he move all the way from Plegia county just to mess with Ylisse High? He couldn't care less.

¨What was that?¨

Oh no.

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Frederick can't believe the new kid is mocking him. Him. Especially when they're so close together, and it would be annoyingly easy to slap the kid upside the head. Yes, he knows Robin's name, but it's easier to refer to him as 'the tactician' or 'the kid', and no, he is not being jealous. Chrom can do what he wants. He's a junior now, just like Frederick, and that means he can make whatever shitty decisions about friends - or crushes or whatever it is Robin is to him - that he wants to. Frederick doesn't care. Really, truly doesn't care.

Oh who the fuck is he kidding of course he cares.

¨I'll ask this again.¨ Frederick keeps his voice, low, dangerous. He's had seniors and seasoned soccer players weeping on their goddamn knees begging for mercy without the game having started yet, so he knows that Robin won't put up too much of a fight. ¨What was that?¨

There's a pause, heavy with tension, and you notice Chrom is looking at you with wide, horrified eyes, but it's too late to turn back now. Robin adjusts himself between you both, and you wish you could see his face, but he's facing Chrom.

¨I said -¨ - (and Frederick is surprised to note that Robin's voice is also low, and dangerous, though a different kind - more quiet and understated, the kind of dangerous one would expect from Robin) - ¨ - *milord*.¨

¨Are you making fun of me?¨

¨I would never,¨ Robin coos back, and his voice is dripping with sarcasm that he usually reserves for when he's complaining about his father. Frederick, feeling irritated, and cramped, and annoyed at the whole goddamn world at this point, grabs Robin's hair and pulls.

This triggers an immediate reaction of Robin yelping and Chrom grabbing at Frederick's arm to try and pry him off, and he can see that Robin is gripping Chrom and crying out, and soon they're all yelling at each other with less words and more annoyance. In fact, the only things they're really saying is each other's names, in varying tones and volumes. Which is why, Frederick supposes, when the door opens, he doesn't notice. He does notice, however, Olivia's horrified squeal and

the sound of footsteps retreating at a rapid pace.

Frederick looks up and notice the door is open, letting light in. You can finally see Chrom and Robin clearly. Frederick can also see Roh standing in the doorway, eyes huge and surprised, a slight blush on her cheeks.

It occurs to him in that moment what this must look like.

¨Don't mind me,¨ she says, backing up, a flustered smirk on her face. ¨I'll just...leave you to it...¨

She sprints off, and Robin immediately squeezes out from between Frederick and Chrom to run after her. Chrom and Frederick watch in silence.

Today, Frederick decides, is the worst day of his life.

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¨It was *not* what it looked like!¨ was on all of their tongues for the next week.

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